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VOL. I.

BEREA, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1900.

NO. 44.

THE CITIZEN

Published at the office of
THE CITIZEN, Berea, Ky.
Entered at the Post-office at Berea, Ky., as second-class mail-matter.

IDEAS.

Unless a man is sincere he can never be a hero in his own estimation.

THE LARGER PRAYER.

At first I prayed for Light.
Could I but see the way,
How gladly, swiftly, would I walk
To everlasting day!
And next I prayed for strength.
That I might tread the road
With firm, unfaltering feet, and win
The heavenly serene abode.
And then I asked for Faith.
Could I but trust my God,
I'd live enfolded in His peace,
Though foes were all abroad.
But now I pray for Love.
Deep love to God and man.
A living love that will not fall,
However dark His plan.
And Light and Strength and Faith
Are opening everywhere!
God only waited for me till
I prayed the larger prayer.
—Edna Dean Cheney.

Foreign News.

The Paris Exposition opened last Sunday.

Latest reports from the Transvaal say that the Boers were defeated at Wepener.

Lord Roberts intends to remain in Bloemfontein for about two months.

The famine in India cannot be relieved by crops until June. The U. S. Navy Department is about to charter a steamer to transport food to the sufferers.

It is reported that Col. Baden Powell, in command at Mafeking, is dead.

It is said that according to the ruling of State Secretary, Reitz, of the Transvaal, all Britishers and Americans, and most of the Germans will be compelled to leave the two republics within two weeks.

National News.

The floods in Texas are receding. The House takes up the Naval Appropriation bill this week.

Porto Rico is in great need of medicines and the services of physicians.

Three inches of snow fell in Chicago last Wednesday night.

There are now 63,585 officers and men in the United States Army in the Philippines.

22,000 school boys of Philadelphia dispatched greetings to President Kruger, and their sympathy for the Boers.

The Senate has appropriated \$5,000,000 for the construction of a cable between San Francisco and Honolulu.

The House passed a bill permitting mothers of soldiers or sailors in the Spanish War, even though they married ex-confederate soldiers to receive pensions.

A strike among the Italian laborers at Croton Dam, N. Y., is causing a good deal of trouble. 300 armed deputies are on guard at the works and 500 soldiers are to be sent there.

The Porto Rican tariff and civil government bill became a law Thursday. The first governor of the island will be Charles H. Allen, now assistant secretary of the navy. His salary will be \$8,000 a year.

Kentucky News.

W. S. Taylor is in Washington this week.

Republican State Convention at Louisville May 17.

The L. & N. has purchased the Nashville, Florence, & Sheffield railroad.

Work in coal mines at Curdsville and Aberdeen, has been stopped on account of the threats of miners to blow up the mines.

The House of Representatives has set aside next Saturday for paying tribute to the memory of the late Evan E. Settle, of Kentucky.

Leonidai Ragan, of Wayne county, won in the intercollegiate oratorical contest Friday night. He represented the State College, Lexington.

Last Thursday a strike was ordered among members of the Order of Railway Telegraphers on all the southern railways. General Manager, Gamon, announces now that the strike is practically ended.

Locals and Personals.

J. M. Early has built a new barn and driveway at his residence.

Prof. Teeters was a business visitor in Richmond last week.

Ladies' and Gents' bicycles for rent over Post-office. Inquire of J. C. Burnam.

Miss Annis Fife, of Peytontown, visited Miss Maria Morian Saturday and Sunday of last week.

Wise is the man who acts as if he expected to live a hundred years, but is prepared to shuffle off to-morrow.

Prof. Teeters and several members of his surveying class run the line of the Wallacetown Pike last Saturday.

The two Washburn boys and sister were called home last Monday on account of the severe illness of their mother.

Misses Maggie and Sallie Gentry, of Peytontown, were the guest of Miss Mary White Saturday and Sunday of last week.

Miss Clara E. Nourse, of Walnut Hill, Cincinnati, Private School for Girls, was a visitor in Berea two days last week.

Mrs. Thos. Flannery and Mrs. Martin Ambrose, of Owsley county, are visiting their children who are in school here.

Gilbert Watts, of Peytontown was the guest of his sister, Miss Allie M. Watts, of our city a few days last week.

The young ladies of Ladies Hall were delightfully entertained last Friday evening by a number of curious individuals clad in snow white gowns.

Last week we should have said that Bicknell & Early sold 63 machines the past year instead of the past week. They are doing a much better business this year.

W. P. Chapman is confined to his room by a severe bruise about his knee received by falling from his wheel while going down the hill by the College Barn last Sunday.

A address the Pan-American Bureau of Publicity, Buffalo, N. Y., for leaflet or other printed information of the Pan-American Exposition to be held at Buffalo, May 1st to November 1st 1901.

Read Bicknell & Early's big advertisement to keep posted on the best and newest things in the market. They will do anything to accommodate their customers and you will do well to give them a call.

A large number was present at the ball game Pearsons' Day, when team No. 1, managed by Ben Paddock and M. L. Spink lost the game to team No. 2, managed by C. H. Burdette and R. H. Embree, by a score of 14 to 8.

Many people suffer untold tortures from piles, because of the popular impression that they cannot be cured. Tabler's Buckeye Pile Ointment will cure them. It has met with absolute success. Price, 50 cts. in bottles, tubes 75 cts. S. E. Welch Jr.

Some time during the past two weeks there has been committed an act of vandalism for which no condemnation is severe enough. What we speak of was the mutilation of the monument erected for the late Elisha Witt, in the Berea cemetery. Such an act as this should be overlooked and ever one should do what they can to find the guilty person as the community is unsafe while he is loose.

Old Coins.

I have several old American half-dollars dated 1806, 1822, and 1825, which I offer for sale.

J. L. Ambrose, Berea, Ky.

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LESS MONEY

Than elsewhere. How can we afford to sell such high-grade Clothing for less money than elsewhere? Our answer is pure and simple. Ours is a modern store, constructed strictly on progressive plans, our Clothing is sold on the smallest margin of profit, depending on a large volume of business. The more Clothing we sell, the greater our purchasing power the lower our prices, that's the story in a nut-shell.

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Pearsons' Day.

There is no time more looked forward to by the students of Berea College and no time more fully enjoyed by them than the birthday of the College's most generous benefactor, Dr. D. K. Pearsons. The 14th of April came on Saturday this year, but owing to the fact that most of the students are necessarily engaged on Saturday, the faculty very considerably gave the greater part of Friday for celebration and thanksgiving.

The entire school force gathered at the Chapel at 10:30 Friday morning to be addressed by a speaker from Cincinnati, who had failed to arrive. Dr. Fairchild, however, took the chair and there was no interest wanting for a good meeting, for every student knows and appreciates what Dr. Pearsons has done for us. Dr. Fairchild spoke of his many gifts to other schools and his special interest in Berea. Prof. Dodge then read congratulations which were to be sent to the Doctor.

A committee of three members of the Faculty and three students were authorized to send the congratulations by wire Friday night so that the Doctor would get them, in Chicago, when he first went to his office Saturday morning.

Mrs. Yocum then gave a very interesting and helpful paper on the life of George Peabody and his work among colleges and other institutions, after which the meeting was adjourned.

At 2:00 P. M. a general prayer meeting led by Mrs. Putnam was held at which time, prayers were offered for Dr. Pearsons and his work and for the College and all its work, but especially for God's blessings upon present efforts to complete the endowment under Dr. Pearsons' last offer by June first. Friends here and friends abroad were asked to unite in a special petition for the needed aid in observance of Dr. Pearsons' birthday.

The rest of the afternoon was spent in a social gathering at Ladies' Hall where the faculty were very prominent and showed their ability as entertainers.

Saturday afternoon the boys played their annual ball game and a large number was in attendance as the day was bright and beautiful.

We believe Dr. Pearsons would have enjoyed the celebration of his own birthday if he had been here.

Easter Service.

A large number attended the Easter Service at the First Church last Sunday morning. A printed order of service was used which added to the interest of the occasion. The text of the sermon was taken from Luke, 24: 5. "Why seek ye the living among



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the dead." The speaker showed the power of Jesus over disease of the body. He gave sight to the blind, speech to the dumb and even restored the dead to life. But the climax of his power over the physical world was seen in his resurrection. And the resurrection of Christ has become the foundation of our Christian faith. Life never goes down into the grave. We bury the body but not the spirit. Man, the soul, returns to God. The body returns to earth to await the great Day of Resurrection. We shall all be resurrected, some to a life of joy and blessedness and some to a life of eternal night. Man must decide for himself whether he shall be among the redeemed or among the lost in that great day. The spiritual resurrection may take place now in the life of every one who is not a child of God. It rests with man to choose and it rests with God to regenerate. Man and God are agents in the spiritual resurrection, but God alone is the great impelling power in the physical resurrection. We should not be so much concerned about this as about our relations to God. If we are truly the followers of Jesus Christ; if we have been spiritually born again; then death is robbed of its sting and the grave of its victory. The joys and sacred memories of Easter-tide have a meaning to those who are living clean, sweet, Christ-like lives.

The subject of the sermon will be: "Freedom, its Uses and Limitations."

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THE CITIZEN.

T. G. PASCO, Editor and Manager.

BEREA, : : : KENTUCKY.

Frequently at Modder river men soaped their khaki clothes and dived into the river for a swim without undressing, thus washing their clothes and refreshing themselves at the same time.

Fruit farms are being developed in the south. In one place in North Carolina there are strawberry farms of fifty acres. The berries are large. The peach orchards are being cultivated. Several kinds of fruit are being raised, and the enterprises have been very successful.

The Hamburg-American steamer Deutschland, recently launched at the Vulkan yards in Stettin, will be next to the largest passenger vessel afloat. She is expected to be the fastest craft ever propelled by steam, and will contain features never before attempted on an ocean steamer.

Gen. Botha (pronounced Boat-a) is a farmer, and modestly claims to know more about sheep raising than he does about fighting. He is only 36 years of age and almost every year of that time he has spent in raising sheep and cattle on the large ranges of land in the Vryheid district of the Transvaal.

While South African soldiers have been facing cannons the servants of the astronomical observatory in another part of South Africa have been peacefully gazing through their telescopes, and have discovered a little star of the eighth magnitude, which is the swiftest traveler that has yet been found among the stellar hosts.

John MacGowan, of Clay county, Florida, claims to be the oldest pensioner in this country. According to papers now on file in Washington he is 121 years old. He was born in Ireland on March 15, 1779, and came to this country in 1804. He enlisted in the 17th Connecticut regiment in 1863 when he was 84 years old. The pension officials are inclined to believe his statement.

People keep asking whether it should be spelled Porto Rico or Puerto Rico. The Spaniards spell it with a "u," and the board of geographical names, appointed by the United States government to decide disputes in spelling and pronunciation, adopted the Spanish style, but Senator Foraker's bill establishing a civil government on that island provides that the official spelling shall be Porto Rico.

A New York doctor says: "I know of several girls who have died from sipping ices through a straw. This is the reason: In sucking the ices up the cold substance strikes the palate of the mouth and cools the head. Then when the young women walk in the sun and exert themselves the cold reacts, giving them a severe headache, which is later followed by a fever, and in some cases death has resulted."

Views have been taken of the orchards of the Messrs. Miller and Panckake, in the vicinity of Romney, W. Va., for exhibition at the Paris exposition. These orchards are the largest in the world, comprising 250,000 peach and plum trees. They planted 181,000 trees the last year and cleared for planting 1,735 acres of timber land. The first season their orchards came into bearing they shipped one hundred car loads of peaches and plums.

Probably the greatest profit ever enjoyed by the government as a result of the destruction of money was in connection with the fractional currency or shipplasters issued during the civil war. The total amount issued was \$368,724,079, of which \$6,880,553 has never been presented for redemption. A large amount has been preserved as curios by collectors and occasionally even now it is offered for redemption.

It is a recognized fact that American women can tour the earth alone and with safety. This was exemplified in Naples recently, when a thief attempted to rob Mrs. Burgess and her daughter, of Boston, as they were leaving a shop. The thief tried to seize the purse from Mrs. Burgess, who promptly took him by the throat, threw him to the ground, and, recovering her property, with the utmost composure requested him to "be off."

A French Canadian trapper, Joseph Zolique La Joie, says he has discovered the North Pole. According to his own statement, he ran up against the pole while drifting on an ice floe. On his unwilling journey, La Joie ate several of his dogs, and all the fish he could find. He struck land after a long journey of long duration, and was taken in charge by a Polar race of Indians, who took him upon a mountain that gave forth a volcanic light. This mountain, La Joie firmly believes, is the North Pole.

When Queen Victoria visited Ireland in 1849 she spent a brief time in Belfast. She was accompanied by the prince consort. As he gazed at a collection of linens in the white-linen hall, his royal highness conceived the idea of an international exhibition of the manufactures and products of the world. On the return of Prince Albert to London he consulted the late Earl Granville, who corroborated his views, and the result was the great exhibition in Hyde Park London, in 1851, the first enterprise of the kind the world had ever seen.

THE FLIRT.

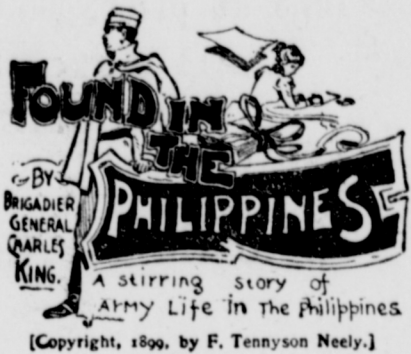
There's a winsome little maiden,
Up my way,
Who's a-laughing and a-laughing,
All the day.
And who seeks to make me love her
In a dozen ways or other,
Till I have to run for cover,
Far away.

Bless my heart, but you must stop it,
Winsome maid.
Of the flirt who mixes philters
I'm afraid.
And, besides, we cannot marry,
Ay, no matter how we tarry,
For you're just a little fairy,
Baby maid.

But I love you very dearly,
All the same,
Even though I'm not acquainted
With your name.
And I'm sure that it would hurt me,
Were you ever to desert me,
So I guess I'll let you flirt me,
Just the same.

You are four and I am forty—
What an age!
Your affections yet you cannot
Even gauge;
As I see you, hands so dirty
With mud pies, but eyes so flirty,
How I wish that you were thirty
Years of age.

—Kenneth Herford, in Detroit Free Press.



CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

The carpenter came, and he and two or three of the guard laid hold of one end of the plank after its nails were drawn, and with little exertion ripped it off the other posts. Then everybody held his breath a minute, stared, and a small majority swore. So far from its being open to cats, cans and rubbish, the space on that side was filled solid with damp, heavy sea sand—a vertical wall extending from floor to ground. Canker almost ran around to the opposite side and had a big plank torn off there. Within was a wall as damp, solid and straight as that first discovered, and so, when examined, were the other two sides provided. Canker's face was a sturdy, and the board gazed and was profoundly happy.

At last the colonel exploded: "By Jupiter! They haven't got away at all, then! There isn't a flaw in the sand wall anywhere. They must be hiding about the middle now. Come on, gentlemen," and around he trotted to the front door. "Sergeant," he cried, "get out all the prisoners—all their bedding—every blessed thing they've got. I want to examine that floor."

Most of the guardhouse "birds" were out chopping wood, and Canker danced in among the few remaining, loading them with bedding belonging to their fellows until every item of clothing and furniture was shoved out of the room. One member of the board and one only failed to enter with his associates—a veteran captain who read much war literature and abhorred Canker. To the surprise of the sentry he walked deliberately over to the fence, climbed it and presently began poking about the wooden curb that ran along the road, making a low revetment or retaining wall for the earth, cinders and gravel that, distributed over the sand, had been hopelessly designated a sidewalk by the owners of the tract. Presently he came sauntering back, and both sentries within easy range would have sworn he was chuckling. Canker greeted him with customary asperity.

"What do you mean, sir, by absenting yourself from this investigation, when you must have known I was with the board and giving it the benefit of the information I had gathered?"

"I was merely expediting matters, colonel. While you were looking for where they went in I was finding where they got out."

"Went in what? Got out of what?" snapped Canker.

"Their tunnel, sir. It's Libby on a small scale over again. They must have been at work at it at least ten days." And he spoke, calmly ignoring Canker and letting his eyes wander over the floor, the veteran battalion commander sauntered across the room, stirred up a slightly projecting bit of flooring with the toe of his boot and placidly continued: "If you'll be good enough to let the men pry this up you may understand."

And when pried up and lifted away—a snugly fitting trap door about two feet square—there yawned beneath it, leading slantwise downward in the direction of the street, a tunnel through the soft yielding sand, braced and strengthened here and there with lids and sides of cracker-boxes. "Now, if you don't mind straddling a fence, sir, I'll show you the other end," said the captain, imperturbably leading the way, and Canker, half-dazed yet wholly in command of his stock of blasphemy, followed. At the curb, in the midst of a lot of loose hay from the bales dumped there three days before, the leader dislodged with his sword the top of a clothing box that had been thickly covered with sand and hay—and there was the outlet. "Easy as rolling off a log, colonel," said old Cobb, with a sarcastic grin. "This could all be done without a man you've blamed and arrested being a whit the wiser. They sawed a panel out of the floor, scooped the sand out of this tunnel, banked it solid against the weather boarding inside, filled up the whole space, pretty near, but ran their tunnel under the sidewalk, crawled down the gutter to the next block out of sight of the sentries, then walked away free men. Those three thieves who got away were old hands. The other men in the guardhouse were only mild offenders, except Morou. 'Course he was glad of the

chance to go with 'em. I s'pose you'll release my sergeant and those sentries now."

"I'll do nothing of the kind," answered Canker, red with wrath, "and your suggestion is disrespectful to your commanding officer. When I want your advice I'll ask for it."

"Well, Mr. Gray will be relieved to learn of this anyhow. I suppose I may tell him," hazarded the junior member, mischievously.

"Mr. Gray be— Mr. Gray has everything to answer for!" shouted the angered colonel. "It was he who telephoned for a carriage to meet and run those rascals off. Mr. Gray's fate is sealed. He can thank God I don't slap him into the guardhouse with his chosen associates, but he shall not escape. Sergeant of the guard, post a sentry over Lieut. Gray's tent, with orders to allow no one to enter or leave it without my written authority. Mr. Gray shall pay for this behind the prison bars of Alcatraz."

CHAPTER VIII.

Social circles at West Point at large, rare intervals are shocked by a scandal, and at short ones, say every other summer—are stirred by some kind of a sensation, and the "Fairy Sisters" were the sensation of the year '97. They came in July; they went in September, and meanwhile they were "on the go" as they expressed it, from morn till late at night. Physically they were the lightest weights known to the hop room. Mentally, as their admirers in the corps expressed it, "either of them can take a fall out of any woman at the Point," and this was especially true of the elder—Mrs. Frank Garrison—whose husband was on staff duty in the far west. Both were slight, fragile, tiny blondes with light blue eyes, with lighter, fluffy hair, with exquisite little hands and feet, with oval, prettily shaped faces, and the younger, the maiden sister, had a bewitching mouth and regular, snowy dots of teeth of which she was justly proud. Yet, as has been previously said of Mrs. Frank, while the general effect was in the case of each that of an extremely pretty young girl, the elder had no really good features, the younger only that one. They generally dressed very much alike in light, flimsy gowns and hats, gloves and summer shoes all of dazzling white—sometimes verging for a change to a creamy hue—but colors, except for sashes and summer shawls, seemed banished from their wardrobes. They danced divinely, said the corps, and preferred cadet partners, to the joy of the battalion. They rode fearlessly and well, and had stunning hats and habits, but few opportunities for display thereof. They came tripping down the path from the hotel every morning, fresh and fair as daisies, in time for guard mounting, and at any hour after that could be found chatting with cadet friends at the visitors' tent, strolling arm in arm about the shaded walks with some of their many admirers until time to dress for the evening hop, where they never missed a dance, and on rainy days, or on those evenings, when there was neither hop nor band practice, they could be found, each in some dimly lighted, secluded nook about the north or west piazza or on the steps leading down to the "Chain Battery Walk," sometimes surrounded by a squad of cadet friends, but more frequently in murmured tete-a-tete with only one cavalier. In the case of Mrs. Frank no member of the corps seemed especially favored. She was just the same to every one. In the case of her younger sister—Miss Terriss—there presently developed a dashing young cadet captain who so scientifically conducted his campaign that he headed off almost all competitors and was presently accorded the lead under the universally accepted theory that he had won the little lady's heart. Observant women—and what women are not observant—of each other?—declared both sisters to be desperate flirts. Society at the Point frowned upon them and, after the first formal call or two, dropped them entirely—a thing they never seemed to resent in the least, or even to notice. They were never invited out to tea or dinner on the post—solemn functions nowhere near so palatable as the whispered homage of stalwart young manhood. "Nita is yet such a child she infinitely prefers cadet society, and I always did like boys," explained Mrs. Garrison. Some rather gay old boys used to run up Saturday afternoons on the Mary Powell and spend Sunday at the Point—Wall street men of 50 years and much luck. "Dear old friends of father's," Mrs. Frank used to say, "and I've simply got to entertain them." Entertained they certainly were, for her wit and vivacity were acknowledged on every side, and entertained not only collectively, but severally, for she always managed to give each his hour's confidential chat, and on the Sundays of their coming had no time to spare for cadet friends. Moreover, she always drove down in the big bus with them Monday morning when the Powell was sighted coming along that glorious reach from Polopel's island and stood at the edge of the wharf waving her tiny kerchief—even blowing fairy kisses to them as they steamed away. No wonder Nita Terriss was frivolous and flirtatious with such an example, said society, and its frowns grew blacker when the White Sisters, the Fairy Sisters—the "Sylphides," came in view. But frowns and fulminations both fell harmless from the armor of Mrs. Frank's gay insouciance. Nita winced at first, but soon rallied and bore the slights of the permanent and semi-permanent residents as laughingly as did her more experienced sister. Nita, it was explained, was only just out of school, and Mrs. Frank was giving her this summer at the Point as a great treat before taking her to the far west, where the elder sister must soon go to join her husband. Everybody knew Frank Garrison. He had long been

stationed at the academy and was a man universally liked and respected—even very highly regarded. All of a sudden the news came back to the Point a few months after his return to his regiment that he was actually engaged to "Witchie" Terriss. Hot on the heels of the rumor came the wedding cards—Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Terriss requested the honor of your presence at the marriage of their daughter Margaret to Lieut. Francis Key Garrison, —th U. S. Cavalry, at the Post Chapel, Fort Riley, Kansas, November —, 1894—all in Tiffany's best style, as were the cards which accompanied the invitation. "What a good thing for old Bill Terriss," said everybody who knew that his impeccability was due to the exactions and extravagancies of his wife and "Witchie"—"And what a bad thing for Frank Garrison!" was the echo. His intimates knew that he had "put by" through economy and self-denial outside of his pay. "She'll make ducks and drakes of it in the six weeks' honeymoon," was the confident prophecy, and she probably did, for, despite the fact that he had so recently rejoined the regiment, "Witchie" insisted on a midwinter run to New Orleans, Savannah and Washington, and bore her lord, but not her master, over the course in triumph. To a student of human nature—and frailty, that union of a faded and somewhat shopworn maid of 27 to an ardent and vigorous young soldier many moons the junior was easy to account for. One after another Witchie Terriss had had desperate affairs with half a dozen fellows, older or younger, in the army and was known to have been engaged to five different men at different times, and believed to have been engaged to two different men at one time. Asked as to this by one of her chums, she was reported to have replied: "Do you know, I believe it true: I had totally forgotten about Ned Colston before Mr. Forman had been at the post a week. Of course the only thing to do was to break with both and let them start fresh." But this Mr. Colston, whose head had been somewhat cleared by a month of breezy, healthful scouting, accepted only in part—that part which included the break. Forman had the fresh start and the walk over and held the trophy just two months, when it dawned upon him that Margaret loved dancing far more than she did him—a clumsy performer, and that she would dance



In the pathway right ahead stood Nita.

night after night, the lightest, daintiest creature in the hop room, and never have a word or a look for him who leaned in gloomy admiration against the wall and never took his eyes off her. He became jealous, moody, ugly-tempered and finally had the good luck to get his coxage as the result of an attempt to assert himself and limit her dances. She was blithe and radiant and fancy free when Frank Garrison reached the post, a wee bit hipped, it was whispered, because of the failure of a somewhat half hearted suit of his in the far east, and the Fairy bounded into the darkness of his life and fairly dazzled him. Somebody had said that Frank Garrison had money.

There is no need to tell of the disillusion that gradually came. Frank found his debts mounting up and his cares increasing. She was all sympathy and regret when he mentioned it, but—there were certain comforts, luxuries and things she had always been accustomed to, and couldn't live without. Surely he would not have her apply to papa. No, but—could she not manage with a little less? He was willing to give up his cigars (indeed, he had long since done so) and to make his uniforms last a year longer—he who was in his day the most carefully dressed man at the Point. Well—she thought perhaps he ought to do that—besides—men's fashions changed but slowly, whereas women's— "Well, I'd rather be dead than out of style, Frank!"

And so it went. But if she did not love her husband there was one being in whom her frivolous heart was really bound up—Nita—her "baby sister," as she called her, and when Terriss, the colonel, went the way of all flesh, preceded only a few months by the wife of his bosom, the few thousands in life insurance he had managed to maintain went to the two daughters. Not one penny was ever laid out in payment of the debts of either the father or husband. Nita was sent to an extravagant finishing school in Gotham, and along in May of the young girl's graduating year, blithe little Mrs. Garrison arrived, fresh from the far west, and after a few weeks of sight-seeing and shopping the sisters appeared at the Point, even half-mourning by this time discarded. Thirteen years difference was there in the ages of the Fairy Sisters, and not a soul save those who knew them in former days on the frontier would have suspected it. Mrs. Frank in evening dress didn't look over 20.

One lovely evening early in August, just about the time that Cadet Capt. Latrobe began to show well to the front in the run for the prize, the two

sisters had gone to their room at the hotel to dress for the hop. It was their custom to disappear from public gaze about six o'clock, and when they came floating down the stairs in flimsy, diaphanous clouds of white, the halls were well filled with impatient cavaliers in the matty cadet uniform, and the women waiting to see. Then the sisters would go into the dining-room and have some light refreshments, with a glass of iced tea—and no matter how torrid the heat or how flushed and dragged other women might look, they were inviting pictures of all that was ever fresh, cool and fragrant. The two fluffy blonde heads would be huddled close together a minute as they studied the bill of fare, and virtuous matrons at other tables, fanning vigorously, would sniff and say: "All for effect. They know that supper bill by heart. It never changes." All the same, at the bottom of this public display of sisterly devotion and harmony and in spite of occasional tiffs and differences, there was genuine affection on both sides, for as a child Nita had adored Margaret, and there could be no doubting the elder's love for the child. Some regimental observers said that every bit of heart that eldest Terriss girl had was wrapped up in the little one. Neither girl, even after Margaret's marriage, would listen to a word in disparagement of the other, but in the sanctity of the sisterly retreat on the third floor of the old hotel there occurred sometimes spirited verbal tilts that were quite distinctly audible to passers-by in the corridor, provided they cared to listen, which some of them did. On this special August evening Mrs. Frank was in an admonitory frame of mind. They had known Mr. Latrobe barely three weeks, and yet as Mrs. Frank was sauntering around a turn in Filtration Walk, leaning on the arm of the cadet adjutant, there in the pathway right ahead stood Nita, a lovely little picture, with downcast eyes, and "Pat" Latrobe bending over her with love and passion glowing in his handsome face, pleading eagerly, clinging fervently to both her tiny white-gloved hands. Mrs. Garrison saw it all in the flash of a second, the adjutant not at all, for with merry laughter she repeated some words he had just spoken as though they were about the wittiest, funniest things in the world, and looked frankly up into his eyes as though he were the best and brightest man she had met in years—so his eyes were riveted, and the tableau had time to dissolve. All the same that sight gave Mrs. Garrison rather more than a bad quarter of an hour. She was infinitely worried. Not because Pat Latrobe had fallen desperately in love with her charming little sister—that was his lookout—but what—oh, what might not happen if the charming little sister were to fall in love with that handsome soldier boy. At all hazards, even if she had to whisk her away tomorrow, that had to be stopped, and this very evening when they went to their room Margaret spoke.

(To Be Continued.)

They Were All Gentlemen.
We all knew that Colorado Jim, who was the boss terror of Custer City for a year or so, was a gentleman, but when it was given out that Red Joe was coming over from Deadwood to attempt to depose him there was much anxiety to ascertain if the latter was a gentleman as well. Some said he was, and some were against it, and the question was not settled until he came riding into town and got down from his broncho in front of the Eagle saloon, and said:

"Gentlemen, I'm a gentleman. I've come over here to have a little difficulty with another gentleman."

He removed his hat and bowed right and left and hitched his guns around to the front, and presently Jim appeared at the door. His guns were also handy, but he was all smiles as he greeted the traveler with:

"Day to you, Joe. I was looking for you. Have a pleasant ride?"

"So-so, thank you."

"You'll drink, of course?"

"O, certainly."

"Feeling in good spirits, I hope?"

"Never better, though I am rather in a hurry to-day."

"Well, I won't detain you long. Come in and nip and we'll set the ball to rolling."—Boston Globe.

Such Is Man.

"Tom, you ask me to be your wife, to give you my heart, my all. Think well of what you say, and then tell me if you will grant me one small favor."

"Anything you ask, my love."

"Then promise me that you will never smoke another cigar as long as you live."

"I promise, dear."

"And it doesn't cost you a pang?"

"Not a pang. I'd rather smoke a pipe any day."—Collier's Weekly.

Honesty Rewarded.

Jim—Honesty is the best policy after all.

Bill—How?

"Remember that dog I stole?"

"Yes."

"Well, I tried two hull days to sell 'im, an' no one offered more'n a bob."

"So I went, like an honest man, an' giv him to th' ole lady what owned 'im, an' she giv me 'alf a soverign."

Tit-Bits.

His Only Alternative.

The Lady—What caused you to become a tramp?

The Tramp—I wuz drove away from a happy home an' forced ter become a wanderer.

The Lady—How did that happen?

The Tramp—Me wife an' me mudder said dat I eider had ter go to work er git out, an' I got out.—N. Y. Journal.

To Be Had for the Asking.

The Caller—So Albertine is the eldest of the family. Who comes after her?

Little Brother—Nobody has come after her yet, but I heard papa say that if anybody did come, he could have her for the asking.—Tit-Bits.

CLEANSE YOUR BLOOD

The thing most desired of a Spring Medicine is thorough purification of the blood. With this work of cleansing going on there is complete renovation of every part of your system. Not only is the corrupt blood made fresh, bright and lively, but the stomach also responds in better digestion, its readiness for food at proper times gives sharp appetite, the kidneys and liver properly perform their allotted functions, and there is, in short, new brain, nerve, mental and digestive strength.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Possesses the peculiar qualities—Peculiar to itself—which accomplish these good things for all who take it. An unlimited list of wonderful cures prove its merit.

As Fate Would Have It.

Many years ago an Arkansas youth, on leaving the home of his sweetheart late at night, received a severe kick as he stepped out of the door. His beloved had not responded definitely to his proposal of marriage, but had assured him that she would soon let him know what she could do for him. He, unfortunately for two tender hearts, took the kick for an answer and departed for a far and wild country. Here he brooded over his wound and his broken heart until his head grew down to his knees and his nose became Roman. As fate would have it, as fate always has it, he turned up late one sad, sad evening when the straw-neck hens were quarreling on the roof and the brindle cow was lowing mournfully for her hungry offspring. A young man some six feet tall met the lonely visitor. It was a seven sons, born from time to time, into his old love. Explanations followed. It was not the girl who kicked him 30 years before. Oh no! It was her angry father. He went out to the horse lot, cut off his beard with the sheep shears and kicked himself down the hill.—Galveston News.

C. H. & D. Sleeping Car Line.

Commencing April 8th the C. H. & D. Ry. inaugurates a new sleeping car line between Cincinnati and Quincy, Ill., running via Indianapolis, Decatur and Hannibal. Train will leave Cincinnati daily at 7:30 in the evening, arriving Quincy 10:30 next morning. Returning, leave Quincy 5:45 in the evening, arriving Cincinnati 7:40 following morning.

"The caramels are coming! Oh! Oh!" softly hummed the maiden, as she heard the sweet young man's ring at the doorbell.—Ohio State Journal.

Ghost of the Glacier

And Other Tales, including Making a Revolution, Susquehanna Trail, Sculpture of the Elys, Once a Pillar of the World, Feathers of Fashion, and others. A delightful volume, beautifully illustrated. Ready for distribution about May 1. Send 10 cents to T. W. Lee, General Passenger Agent Lackawanna Railroad, 26 Exchange Place, New York City. Edition Limited.

In teaching the young, be careful not to deceive them; they will catch you at it.—Aitchison Globe.

Nome City, Alaska.

Is twenty-eight hundred miles from Seattle, via ocean. Is said to be the richest gold field discovered up to this time. The first steamer will leave Seattle on or about May 19, 1900. For full particulars address Geo. H. Headford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill.

Nothing in the Wide World

has such a record for absolutely curing female ills and kidney troubles as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Medicines that are advertised to cure everything cannot be specifics for anything.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will not cure every kind of illness that may afflict men, women and children, but proof is monumental that it will and does cure all the ills peculiar to women.

This is a fact indisputable and can be verified by more than a million women.

If you are sick don't experiment, take the medicine that has the record of the largest number of cures.

Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 & 3.50 SHOES UNION MADE.

Worth \$4 to \$6 compared with other makes. Indorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers. The genuine have W. L. Douglas' name and price stamped on bottom. Take no substitute claimed to be as good. Your dealer should keep them.—If not, we will send a pair on receipt of price and age, extra for carriage. State kind of leather, size, and width, plain or cap toe. Cat. free. W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., Brockton, Mass.

FISCH'S CURE FOR COUGHS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Doct. Fisch's Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION.

THE PALLID MAN QUAILS.

It Was "Up to Him" and His Soul Was Filled with Terror But He Escaped.

"It is up to you, now," the pallid man turned more pallid, and glared wildly around for an avenue of escape. Pennsylvania avenue or any other old avenue. They were closed.

"It is up to you, now," the pallid man wondered why Prof. Osborne, after convicting Moineux, had come down to Washington post-haste on the Congressional Limited to prosecute him. It had been "up to Cornish." Now it was up to him. He thought of his crimes, and his knees shook in a manner that would make Zazie turn green when she shakes her bangles and turn green when she shakes her bangles.

"It is up to you, now," the pallid man recalled his last murder. It was a dark night. The place, Long Bridge. The hour, midnight. As he had thrown his writhing victim, a young and beautiful maiden, tied in the suit's specially prepared Bosphorus bag, the piercing shriek the dying young creature uttered haunted him still. And now they were hunting for him.

"It is up to you, now," "For God's sake! What?" "Your necktie. Up to your chin, your ears and the rim of your remaining looks on the rear fire escape of your billiard hall. Pull it down."—Washington Star.

Getting At The Facts.

Wife (after the honeymoon).—Why did you deceive me about your income? Husband.—I didn't, my dear.

"Yes, you did. You told me you were getting \$50 a week when you asked me to marry you."

"You evidently misunderstood me. I said my position was worth \$50—and so it is—but for some reason best known to the boss he gives me only ten dollars."—Chicago Evening News.

Physical Reaction.

Brown.—How do you feel about Sunday golf? Jones.—Don't tell that I said so, but I have heard sermons so long lately that they made me want to go out and take a whack at something.—Indianapolis Journal.

The successful man sometimes gives his mother's slipper the credit of having first made him smart.—Chicago Democrat.

HAVE IT READY

Minor accidents are so frequent and such hurts so troublesome no household should be without a bottle of

St. Jacobs Oil



for instant use, as the world knows it is a PERFECT CURE for PAINS and ACHES

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

C. W. Rosenbach, (31st St. and Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.) wrote, Feb. 11, 1888, "I have been troubled with

QUINCY SORE THROAT

for ten years, and I find

Palmer's Lotion

the quickest remedy I ever tried."

Lotion Soap

Prevents and assists in curing all skin diseases. At Druggists only.

FREE

To successfully introduce our new Quinsey's Lotion Soap, we will give away 1000 copies of a handsome Quinsey's Lotion Soap, American made. This enticing present is sent to you on condition that you will send us a letter stating that you will use Quinsey's Lotion Soap in your home.

\$20.00 Per WEEK and expense to man with \$12 to introduce our Quinsey's Lotion Soap, American made. Send us your name and address and we will send you a letter stating that you will use Quinsey's Lotion Soap in your home.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson in the International Series for April 22, 1900—The Centurion's Servant Healed.

[Prepared by H. C. Lenington.] THE LESSON TEXT.

1. Now when he had ended all His saying in the audience of the people, he entered into Capernaum.

2. And a certain centurion's servant, who was dear unto Him, was sick, and ready to die.

3. And when he heard of Jesus, he sent unto Him the elders of the Jews, beseeching Him that He would come and heal his servant.

4. And when they came to Jesus, they besought Him instantly, saying: That he was worthy for whom He should do this.

5. For he loveth our nation, and he hath built us a synagogue.

6. Then Jesus went with them. And when He was now not far from the house, the centurion sent friends to Him, saying unto Him: Lord, trouble not Thyself, for I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof.

7. Wherefore neither thought I myself worthy to come unto Thee; but say in a word, and my servant shall be healed.

8. For I also am a man set under authority, having under me soldiers, and I command one to go, and he goeth; and to another: Come, and he cometh; and to my servant: Do this, and he doeth it.

9. When Jesus heard these things, He marvelled at him, and turned him about, and said unto the people that followed Him: I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel.

10. And they that were sent, returning to his house, found the servant whole that had been sick.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.—Psa. 103:13.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.—The healing of the centurion's servant was one of the many miracles which Jesus performed immediately after the sermon on the mount. It has been noted that the three chapters which Matthew gives to the sermon are followed by two chapters of miracles. The event of the lesson took place at Capernaum, which we remember is the city where Jesus made His home after the rejection at Nazareth. Study not only the lesson text but its parallel in Matthew 8:5-13, and the teaching may be presented under four heads:

(1) Character of the Centurion. (2) Emphasis Jesus Lays on Faith. (3) Promise to the Gentiles. (4) Healing of the Servant.

Character of the Centurion.—The centurion is an interesting object for a character study. What Luke and Matthew say of him occupies few verses, but is decidedly to the point. From what we are told of the man we can picture him as one of quiet and unassuming dignity. We are told that "he was worthy." And the fact that he could get the elders of the Jews to go for him to Jesus shows that he commanded the honor and respect of others. He was a man in authority, being a centurion in command of about a hundred men; but he was also under authority, and knew how to obey. In spite of the good opinion of others and the position he held in the Roman army, he counted himself not worthy that Jesus should enter under his roof. He was a kindly man, for we are told his servant was "dear unto him," and beside the elders referred to him as one who "loveth our nation." We know he was a religious man, for he had founded a synagogue. Chief of all his good qualities was that of faith, and Jesus especially commended it.

Emphasis Jesus Lays on Faith.—It is in just such a man that we would look for faith, faith in God and faith in men. Faith is the foundation upon which all strong character is built. Jesus had performed many wonderful miracles in Capernaum, and when the centurion heard of Him he sent for the help He alone could give. The servant was near to death. Jesus had helped others, and he believed that He could help him. Jesus came, and when He was near the house the centurion came out. He had not meant that Jesus should go to the trouble of coming to him. He reasoned that as he could send one of his soldiers to do a certain thing, so Jesus, in command not only of material things, but of things spiritual, could have him spoken, and his servant would be healed. Marvelous faith! No wonder Jesus exclaimed: "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel."

We may note that Jesus certainly knew as much about this centurion as we can know from the story we have. Perhaps He knew more, living in the same town where this officer had his headquarters. He knew the man had the good qualities that we have mentioned, but He pointed out not his evident humility, not the kindness of heart he exhibited, not his benevolence, but his faith. Faith is the chief of all the qualities of the heart save that of love, and faith and love go together. "Now abideth faith, hope, love."

Promise to the Gentiles.—Matthew (8:11, 12) records what Luke omits, the remark of Jesus which may be construed into a promise to the Gentile world. He says: "Many shall come from the east and west (outside of the chosen people), and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, in the kingdom of Heaven."

Healing of the Servant.—"And Jesus said unto the centurion, Go thy way; and as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee. And his servant was healed in the selfsame hour."—Matthew 8:13.

Religious Thought.

Like the needles to the north pole the Bible points to Heaven.—R. B. Nichol.

Some places of real beauty may be seen in their faces who dwell in true meekness. There is a harmony in the sound of that voice to which Divine love gives utterance.—John Woolman.

The one thing needful is to look up to reverse something above us, to desire something better, to hunger for a higher good. He who loves the highest, truest and best is, in his heart and soul, a lover of God.—J. Freeman Clarke.

HER ONE REQUEST.

The Only Remaining Thing That Was Necessary to Complete Her Happiness.

"Listen, my darling."

The youthful millionaire drew to his heart the beautiful girl who had promised to share his wealth and happiness, and in simple language began to recount what the future had in store for them.

"It has been my great wish," he said, "that you should have a home, not only commensurate with your position and my own, but one which will be a fit setting for your altogether sweet and delightful personality. And so for months now I have been engaged in a search after the best that money can buy, and the house I have had built especially for you is now complete throughout. Nothing has been omitted. Decorators and artists have bestowed their services, and all my resources have been taxed to provide our home with a suitable interior and with the most costly furniture. What do you say to this, my dear?"

"It is lovely," replied his betrothed, as she heaved a slight sigh. "There is only one thing more, dearest, that will make me completely and utterly happy."

"It shall be granted," exclaimed her enthusiastic lover. "Only tell me what it is."

"How good of you!" she said. "I was only going to say that when we have moved into our new home I would like the privilege of furnishing it all over again to suit myself."—Life.

England's Armored Trains.

The magnificent armored trains used by England in her war with the Boers will transport her troops, protect bridges and telegraph communications in about the same way that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters drives dyspepsia from the human stomach and then mounts guard that it does not return. The Bitters has won in every case of indigestion, biliousness, liver and kidney trouble for the past fifty years. It is invaluable at all times.

Not Intimate Enough.

Miss Mason.—Excuse my ignorance, but might I call you Mr. Bones or Dr. Bones? The Doctor (irascibly).—Oh, call me anything you like. Some of my friends call me "Dr. Bones."

"Ah, but those are only people who know you intimately."—London Tit-Bits.

HE LIKES WESTERN CANADA. Duhamel, Jan. 24, 1900.

Dear Sir and Friend: We had a lucky trip, made good connections and got to Wetaskiwin Monday afternoon, stayed there all night, bought a pony and saddle for the boy and hired a three-seated rig for the balance of us and got home to dinner next day: caught the boys cleaning up and getting ready to come after us. Wednesday the snow was all gone and we had bare ground and bright sunshine for a month, and it has been pleasant weather ever since. The ground is frozen about two feet and about six inches of snow—just enough for sleighing. We had one cold spell in December. The thermometer went down to 32 below zero; but we did not suffer with the cold at all. We have worked every day all winter, are all well and feeling well. Have built a log house 18x18, two log stables 16x18, and are now busy on a well. We have ten cows, three other cattle and six head of horses. The boys send their best respects to Mr. Hutchison, and say they will talk to him enough to pay for not writing when he gets up here. Will write you again next Spring and tell you all about the Winter. We all unite in sending you and family our best wishes and respects and hope this will find you all well.

Yours very respectfully, (Signed) THOMAS TATE, Duhamel, Alberta, Canada.

P. S. It has been down to zero this month: it is 22 above now.

The charms of solitude depend largely on the man who is to be charmed.—Chicago Democrat.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases of it are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

J. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Sound Judgment.—The bandmaster's.—Hartley Life.

MARKET REPORT.

Cincinnati, April 13.

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